

tastes so good (make a grown man cry) by orphan_account

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Summary:

"I'm going to eat your ass, Harrington."

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tastes so good (make a grown man cry)

"Did you shower?"

Steve blinks, catching himself just as he's leaning up to chase Billy's lips. He belatedly realizes that Billy had in fact pulled away, abruptly ending their heated make out session and-- what the fuck did he just say?

"What," Steve replies blankly, lets the question register in his mind before scowling up at Billy. "Of course I showered, you watched me walk out of the bathroom ten minutes ago!"

Billy's lips twist in what could be amusement or malice or a mixture of both, running his tongue over his front teeth before continuing, "You washed yourself down there?" He juts his chin out, motioning below the press of their bodies. Steve follows the trail with his eyes and-- oh. *Oh*.

"Well, yeah, of course I did-- I mean, I always wash... down *there*... when we do... stuff." Swear to god, Steve was going for indignant, but the words come out almost shameful. It doesn't help that his cheeks start pinking, a pretty shade that has Billy's wretched smile unfurling into a full on grin.

"Good boy." Billy even has the audacity to pat Steve's cheek, then in the next second he's moving away from his position on top of him, instead rolling onto his side in Steve's bed.

Steve has barely even registered the loss of Billy's warmth when Billy nudges at him with his shoulder, patting his own chest as Steve glances at him. "Come on then, Harrington. Have a seat."

Steve stares at Billy's chest, all hard, sinewy muscles rising and dipping with each breath, then back up at Billy's face. When it becomes clear to Billy that Steve has no fucking idea where this is leading to, he lets out an exasperated groan, twisting around so he's laying on his side, facing Steve.

"Are you fuckin' serious right now? You really have no idea what I'm

trying to do here?"

"You... want me... to suffocate you?" Steve drags out each word despite knowing it's the only logical outcome when sitting on someone's chest. It's also kind of worrying, considering that he and Billy are supposed to be having sex, not... whatever *this* is.

Billy's face goes through an array of different emotions in the span of five seconds, starting with disbelief then to mirth and finally relaxing into what could only be fondness, eyes light as he flicks Steve in the forehead.

"I'm going to eat your ass, Harrington."

Steve promptly chokes on air as the sentence settles between them, his ears burning as Billy laughs, obviously expecting this kind of reaction out of him.

"Stop fucking around," Steve grumbles after his mini choking fit, annoyed both at Billy and the fact he's still half-hard despite all this.

"I'm not, though." Billy says, reaching out to run a hand down Steve's torso, stopping just above the waistband of his boxer briefs. His hand is warm on Steve's bare skin. He leans in then, eyes boring into Steve's so he can see that Billy is hiding nothing when he says, "I really wanna eat that pretty ass of yours, *Steve*."

"Jesus," Steve takes a sharp intake of breath, dizzy with both Billy's proposition and the way his name rolls out of Billy's mouth. He swallows thickly as Billy pins him down with one look, sticky and hungry and downright perverted. "You sweet talk everyone like that, Hargrove?"

"Only the ones I know'll say yes." Billy replies smoothly, his thumb now drawing lazy circles on Steve's abdomen.

Steve can't help but grin at that. "Asshole." he says with no real bite, and just like that he knows that he'll let Billy have this, just like how he's had Billy in his mouth, in his ass, all over his face-- *fuck*, he really is a goner.

And Billy, always one to sense victory especially when it meant

Steve's utter defeat, moves around to lie flat on his back once more.

"Take off the briefs and come here, pretty boy." Billy's voice drops an octave lower, the kind he knows will have Steve following him to the ends of the earth, pants around his ankles and tongue lolling out like a sex-depraved bitch.

Despite his shame, Steve feels an intense spike of desire course through him, going straight to his cock as it gives a quick jerk. He chews on his bottom lip, squeezing himself through his briefs before tugging them off, throwing it somewhere over his shoulder.

Getting up on his knees, Steve crawls over to Billy, bottom lip now caught between his teeth as he swings a leg over Billy's chest to settle on top of him. Warm, calloused hands reach out to grip him by the hips, guiding Steve forward until his cock is only a few inches away from Billy's lips.

Steve watches with heated eyes as Billy sticks his tongue out, licking the precum from the slit before he starts suckling on the head. Steve lets out a breathy moan, eyes fluttering shut as Billy leans in closer, taking more of Steve's cock into his mouth.

It's hot and wet and so goddamn filthy, saliva and precum now a thin sheen around the base of his dick. Billy sucks and licks at him for what feels like hours, Steve getting so lost in the sensation that he lets out an involuntary whine when Billy pulls away, the loss of his mouth almost a physical ache.

Sliding both hands from Steve's hips down to his thighs, Billy squeezes at the tender muscles as he murmurs, "*Shhh*, I got you, pretty boy. Just scoot up some more, I'll make it even better."

And Steve, already half out of his mind with arousal, does as he's told without much protest, dragging his knees against the mattress until he's holding on to the headboard for balance. It's only when he's actually facing the wall, hands braced in front of him with his balls practically hanging over Billy's face does he manage to sober up, blinking dumbly to himself.

"Uh--" He's back to internally debating about the whole thing, already

thinking about trying to convince Billy to just blow him instead, but all that flies out the window when he feels fingers pry his ass cheeks apart.

"S-shit!" Steve hisses, tries to jerk away out of pure reflex only for Billy to grip the meat of his ass tighter. If anything, Steve's reaction only fuels Billy with more purpose, spreading his ass cheeks to expose his hole.

"Fuck," Billy exhales, sounding almost *reverent* that Steve can do nothing but flush, torn between being flattered and mortified. It only takes a second before Billy immediately yanks him down, blowing hot air directly at Steve's hole.

"Oh--" Steve almost chokes on his own tongue, the sensation so sudden and foreign that he tries to move away again, but Billy buries his fingers into the flesh of his ass, a silent gesture to *stop fucking moving so much*. Steve can argue that he has all the right to be pissy about this, especially since he's never done this before (never even thought about it, *jesus--*) but that would mean putting his ego on the line, and Steve would rather... well, he'd rather get his ass eaten than lose against Billy in this. He can definitely take whatever Billy's gonna give.

The thought immediately smacks him back in the face when Billy takes the first lick, his tongue wetly dragging across Steve's rim. "Mmmh--" Steve reddens even further, the flush now spreading all the way down his chest as Billy continues doing kitten licks, the same way he does when he goes down on Steve.

Despite the initial wave of mortification, precum starts to ooze from the slit of Steve's cock, thick, fat drops landing a few inches above Billy's head. For a delirious moment, Steve wonders what Billy would do if he somehow got cum on his hair, but the thought dissipates along with any sense of coherency when Billy makes good on his word and slips his tongue *in*.

"Holy-- oh god, *Billy--*" Steve's thighs are shaking, his muscles straining as he tries not to bear his weight down Billy, afraid he might actually suffocate him. Billy is obviously having none of that, making a deep noise at the back of his throat just as he pulls Steve

down again.

Sit or there will be consequences, Harrington, he seems to say in that gesture. Steve swallows around the thick lump in his throat, powerless as he finally loosens the tension in his thighs. This causes Billy's tongue to go even deeper, his lips briefly closing around the rim before pulling back to trace the outline of Steve's hole.

"Oh my god," Steve feels too fucking hot all over, gripping the headboard so tightly his knuckles have turned white. He's trembling too, from his arms down to his legs, thighs jumping every time Billy alternates from licking his rim to pushing in his tongue.

The noises that reverbrate within the room just adds to Steve's shame and arousal in equal measure; the wet, smacking sounds of Billy's mouth working him open, Billy's sharp intakes of breath in between tongue-fucking and licking across Steve's hole, his own moans and gasps as he sits on Billy's face and just takes it all--

The hand that suddenly closes around his swollen cock makes Steve cry out, the grip too tight and pace too rough as Billy starts jerking him off. He alternates this by thrusting his tongue all the way into Steve, craning his neck so far up that Steve can feel Billy's chin settling snugly in between his ass cheeks.

"Billy, shit, don't, I can't--" Steve's babbling at this point, his hands somehow finding their way from the headboard down to Billy's hair. He tugs at the blonde locks, his hips unconsciously moving to a rhythm Billy's set with the tongue up his ass and the hand fisting his cock.

There's a hum below him, seemingly coming from Billy, and Steve takes this as a good sign, sighing as he bucks his hips against the slide of Billy's tongue over his hole. Billy does him the courtesy of loosening his grip around his cock so Steve can fuck into his fist, erratic and wild as his thrusts are.

Soon enough, Steve starts feeling lightheaded, almost like he's drowning in all these combined sensations. His nostrils flare as his lungs grow heavy, like the atmosphere itself had thickened due to the heady scent of sex and sweat. He clutches onto Billy like he's a buoy

in this ocean of overstimulation, practically sobbing, "Please, please, I can't-- Billy, *please*--"

There is only so much Steve can take, the white-hot pleasure simmering and bubbling in his gut, ready to spill. He finds himself working his hips on overdrive, riding Billy's face with reckless abandon. It's obscene and dirty and desperate, the way he pulls and tugs at Billy's hair, the way he's gasping, chanting Billy's name like a fucking mantra.

Then Billy digs his thumb into the slit of his dick, humming deep and throaty as he thrusts his tongue into Steve's ass once more, and suddenly Steve's tensing, a choked-off noise tearing out of him as his orgasm rips through him like a bullet to the spine. His mouth hangs open in a silent scream, hips frantically moving across Billy's face as he comes in thick, hot spurts, his cock pulsing and jumping so much that he gets it everywhere-- on himself, on the headboard, hell, even on Billy's hair.

There's a lull in Steve's mind after that; he's vaguely aware that he's sticky and sweaty, legs aching with how long they'd been folded on either side of Billy's head, but he lets himself float on the bliss of his orgasm, eyes droopy and lips parted. The white noise doesn't last long however, not when Billy's moving under him, maneuvering Steve like some kind of ragdoll until his back hits the mattress, Billy hovering over him with a crazed look in his eye.

"*Fuck*," Billy bites out, kneeling over Steve so that he can see just how much Billy's hand trembles as he pulls down his own briefs, fitting the waistband just under his balls, his dick swollen and nearly purple that it looks almost painful.

Steve watches through half-lidded eyes as Billy scoops some of his cum off his chest, uses it to slicken his palm as he jerks himself off right in Steve's face. "Fuck, fuck, *Steve*--" Billy chokes around his name, now fucking his fist as he stares down at Steve, drinking in his debauched state.

Steve blinks, sluggish and slow, then he licks his lips, not missing the way Billy's eyes zero-in on the action. "Yeah," he murmurs, reaching out to run his hands up and down Billy's thighs, just the way Billy did

with him earlier. "yeah, Billy, c'mon--"

It doesn't take long for Billy to come then, Steve's gentle coaxing and feather-light caresses a driving force to his orgasm. He grips Steve's chin at the last second, pushing his thumb between Steve's lips to pry his mouth open as he comes all over Steve's face.

"Shiiiiit," Billy hisses through gritted teeth, shoulders drawing in on himself as the pleasure overtakes him. He works a frenzied hand around his cock, milking himself dry as Steve lies under him, face fucked up with sweat and cum. The sight is enough to make Billy's knees buckle, and it's out of pure luck that he manages to roll to the side instead of crushing Steve with his weight.

Silence stretches between them then, interspersed with deep, heavy panting that eventually evens out to steady, rhythmic breathing. Steve stares up at the ceiling, blinking past the cum stringing his eyelashes, his mind still too cotton-fuzzed to be grossed out just yet. In fact, he barely registers the shift in the mattress until something hits him right in the face, obscuring his vision.

"What the fu--" he flails around, sitting up on the bed as he wrestles at the offending material. Peeling it away, Steve realizes it's his own shirt, the one Billy had practically ripped off of him earlier.

"Wipe your face, Harrington." Billy says, a lewd smile pulling up the corners of his mouth. "Seriously, it's disgusting how much you like my cum drippin' down your pretty little face."

He looks so fucking smug that Steve has half a mind to lunge at him, pin him down and throw one solid punch (or maybe kiss the air out of his lungs, whichever would shut Billy up quicker), but instead he just rolls his eyes, not taking the bait. Then he stands up, tries to walk around Billy for the bathroom with all the intent of showering.

Before Steve can even make it past Billy, a hand wraps around his wrist, halting his movements and rooting him to the spot.

"Where do you think you're going?" Billy's voice is as rough as his grip. "You think I'm just gonna let you get away after I ate that ass out?" he leans into Steve, the space between them electric. "I still

gotta fuck that loose, sloppy hole of yours, pretty boy."

Steve feels a shudder course through him then, hating himself for the pang of arousal that goes straight to his gut. "Jesus, Billy," even to his own ears he sounds breathless, "I'm just gonna shower."

The way Billy's eyes suddenly light up, mischief brewing behind those baby blues, has Steve immediately regretting opening his big, fat mouth. "Oh yeah? Am I hearing shower sex, Harrington? Wanna get fucked under a shower spray?"

"Shut up," Steve's lips quirk up traitorously despite his words, and he finds himself blinking at Billy with that fucking doe-eyed look, knows he's got Billy pinned down just as much as Billy has him. "--and just do it, *Hargrove*, unless you're all talk--"

Steve never gets to finish his taunt, not when Billy's practically hauling his ass to the bathroom, and despite the verbal jabs, both of them are smiling so wide it should probably hurt. (It doesn't though. It never really does.)

Author's Note:

hello!!! i'm still new to harringrove and the st
fandom in general, but i wanted to contribute by
offering this..... ass eating fic skdhjdj